THE EMERALD.

SEMPER REFULGET.

No. 26.

Boston, Saturday, October 25, 1806.

ORIGINAL PAPERS.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE WANDERER,

No. LI.

Whoso will not work, neither shall he eat.

IT HAS BEEN made a serious enquiry, whether the necessity imposed on mankind of earning their bread by the sweat of their brow, was in effect a blessing or a curse. But unless the situation of the human race had been essentially altered from its present appearance, there would be no great room for doubt. Every arrangement of Providence for the regulation of life, appears formed with such inimitable skill, that alteration must always be injury ; and as the necessity of labor constitutes so prominent a part of sublunary occupation, we have every reason to believe it alike the ordination of beneficence and wisdom. Other systems of life would in all probability have produced different desires, and different means of supplying them, but under the present constitution of society, INDUSTRY is connected with whatever is necessary for existence or desirable for pleasure.

The mind, active and enterprizing, requires some range for its powers, some object for its strength. It demands employment. It must have some object to pursue or some plan to design. An absolute and unqualified idleness, would be among the severest of its punishments.

INDUSTRY is generally the source of profit, and the avails of honest labor or ingenuity, are always more sweet to the eye than the mere income of hereditary fortune or the kind oblations of charity. The consciousness that the industrious exertion of talents or strength gives to a man his consequence in society, and the conveniences that make life desirable, raises a pride, that is the safeguard of his character, and creates a self-esteem, which generally excites similar sentiments in others.

INDUSTRY is the artificer of reputation. It is the only manufacturer of it whose work never needs repair. The solid columns that it forms, stand at once memorable for their greatness and conspicuous for their beauty. Other causes may raise a temporary fame. Accident may have left open the means of acquiring some right to applause ; but the fame that is derived from these sources, is scarcely longer in duration than it was in growth.—Industry secures the root before it displays the verdure of the tree ; it makes the trunk so solid that it will bear any luxuriance of growth, and enables it to stand against any violence of the elements.

DOES Industry secure applause ? Who then would not be industrious, for who is there that loveth not distinction ? Cold indeed must be

that bosom which is never warmed by praise or allured by admiration ; which moves slowly in the dull highway of life, unconcerned at any relative position, and careless whether obscure or noticed, whether treated with attention or passed over in contempt. Possibly no such being exists. There is no one who would willingly be considered as a mere animal without character or consequence, or content himself with being so little regarded that his place in society should be unknown, and his departure never noticed.

But whatever may be the wish for honorable rank, the city abounds with characters too lazy and too idle to take the requisite means of obtaining it. We have among us many proud scoffers, who disdain to court distinction by laborious pursuits, but in one instance at least becoming the followers of Lord Mansfield, wish not for that popularity which they have the trouble of pursuing, but that which more complaisantly will come to pay its devoirs to them. Too high minded for business, and too lethargic for exertion, they doze away the best part of life with tiresome epicurism ; with a listless vacuity which destroys the means of enjoyment, and an impenetrable dullness which destroys the faculties of pleasure. If the advice of the Apostle was regarded, *that whoso would not work neither should he eat*, it would interdict so many of our townsmen from an expensive amusement, that a very sensible effect would be observed in the market price of provisions. Yet notwithstanding the pleasure of this necessary occupation, and the positive declaration of St. Paul, there are to be found idlers in the city without any visible means of support, who set quietly with their hands before them, expecting that like the prophet Elijah, they shall be fed spontaneously by the ravens of Providence.

We have been told of Genius, and taught to admire that electricity of the mind. We have gazed at the comet path of intellectual greatness, astonished at its brilliancy. We have been lost in the contemplation of those mighty talents, which hold fate and time and power in their grasp. We have turned from them in admiration and despair. Inquire whence these Herculean energies proceed. Ask of the man you admire whether it was the immediate inspiration of deity,

..... Magnam cui mentem animumque
Delius inspirat vates. .....

or whether it was not in some degree the labour of industry, *vis labore acquisita* that supplied his lips with the streams of eloquence, and animated his eye with the lightnings of the soul. He will answer you in the affirmative. He will tell you that the soil was long cultivated before it produced its fruit ; that patience, and industry and application cleared the ground of its weeds, and formed it into a beautiful garden ; that the flowers which you every where admire, owe something indeed to the strength of the soil, but more to the labor of the gardener—

Per noctem diemque laborat—
Viremque impendit.

Industry is as prolific in the regions of intellect, as in the the territories of art. Pre-eminence, like nobility, is never the gift of nature. It arises from personal exertion, and is the reward of attention to the supreme command, which ordains the necessity of labor. Every man is therefore in some degree the creator of his own character. It mostly depends on himself, whether he will forever move in the low walks of life dull and obscure, or whether Industry shall introduce

him to more respectable society.

There are indeed some leaden souls which merely serve the purpose of keeping the body in a state of vegetation; moles incapable of sight, whose opake heads never admit an idea; but such are indeed rare. The common class of mankind have sense enough to understand, and ability to pursue, those professions, which society requires; and while Industry is their tutelary saint to whom they address their morning orisons and their evening prayers, they need anticipate no failure of their plans.

Every man is indebted to society. He owes to it the usefulness of his talents or the produce of his labor. Born not for himself alone, but as one of a great community, which exists by a reciprocity of benefits, it is his duty, as it ought to be his pleasure, to contribute his proportion to the common stock. The idlers, *fruges consumere nati*, are like weeds which choak the productions of a profitable soil. They hang a dead weight upon others, in the same manner that time hangs upon them, and serve very little purpose except to increase the number of those who live on the industry of others. The Chinese, it is said, carry into practise the command of St. Paul. Their population is so numerous that without the labor of every individual, a sufficiency would not be produced for yearly consumption. Every man therefore, who is idle, is considered as a tax on some other more industrious, and is punished for his remissness as certainly as if he had committed a theft of the necessaries of life; for altho' *he* might not be under the necessity of attending to laborious pursuits, yet some one else loses by his leisure, to whom the occupation of the former would have given the means of subsistence.

Sedulous and Dives were educated at the same school; they entered the University together, and received its honors at the same time. Sedulous had his patrimony in his education, and entered the world with no other means of subsistence than what was to be derived from the industrious improvement of acquired advantages. Dives inherited a large estate by the death of a near relation, and took possession of it on the day he became twenty-one years old. After leaving the University, for form sake he entered the office of a Counsellor, and was in proper time called to the Bar. Relying however on the durability of a large estate, he considered his professional concerns too tedious to engage attention, and bringing too little emolument to be an object of regard. His clients were neglected, his office became deserted, and his time was more generally spent in the lounging room of a Coffee-house, than in the Library or at the Bar. Unaddicted however to any licentious or dissipated pleasures, he was merely a harmless Idler, without consequence, a being in whom nobody felt concern, who lived merely for himself, without doing either good or harm in society, otherwise than by example.

Sedulous had a sound mind capable of reflection, and what was yet better, habits of industrious attention, which led him to prefer his compting-house engagements to the most alluring parties of pleasure. He had articled himself to a Merchant, and after gaining a proper knowledge of commercial affairs, commenced business on his own account. His industry gave him the means of punctuality, and punctuality afforded him an extensive credit. Cautious and attentive his enterprizes were planned with dis-

cretion and executed with judgment. Acquiring by these means sufficient to equip a vessel, he embarked on a commercial speculation, and after several years absence, was rewarded for his industry and perseverance with a handsome indepency. In the by-path of the capital he accidentally met one day his classmate DIVES, in the garb of poverty and distress. The contrast was striking. Dives at first neglected his regular business, and idleness at length so corroded his mind as to render *every* occupation laborious. He became inattentive to his pecuniary concerns; his Banker failed, other property belonging to him was dissipated, and the ravages of a fire lately consumed all that remained. Without the means of replacing what he lost; unacquainted with the busy concourse of the world and those habits which lead to respectability and opulence, he become a mere wandering mendicant, relying only on the kindness of his friends and the occasional gratuities of charity. E.

FOR THE EMERALD.

THE ORDEAL.....No. 2.

Respicere exemplar vitæ morumque jubebo.

LOVERS' VOWS, *(Kotzebue)* AND THE QUAKER.....*Wednesday, Oct.* 15.

IT has often been considered a maxim in dramatic writing that every play should be written for some express moral purpose, or should at least be so constructed as in the conduct or catastrophe, to have a moral tendency. The introduction of German plays on the English stage is a direct infringement of this principle; inasmuch as their stories are generally founded on some crime committed, which for the good of society ought never to be forgiven, but which the catastrophe seldom fails to extenuate. We do not mean to attach to LOVER'S VOWS in particular the general censure we have applied to German plays; but we mean to assert that, admitting it to be more free from faults than any other production of *Kotezbue*, it is yet essentially repugnant in character and sentiment to the genuine tendency of pure and unsophisticated English comedy. For what is the foundation, and what the result of this play?

Without making particular reference to the introduction of the loves of AMELIA and ANHALT, which serve only to destroy the unity of action; (retarding the progress of the main incident, and having no connection with it) let us examine the principles *admitted* by the conduct and conclusion of this drama.

Agatha Fribourg is deluded under a *promise of marriage* by *Baron Weldenhain*; who leaves her with a boy, the unfortunate issue of their ill fated connection. Here we have an admission that females are *easily deluded*; and under a *promise* of marriage, Agatha's peace of mind is not only destroyed, but she is left a prey to the frowns of penury and the gripings of disease. Now, what follows, as the consequences of this seduction? *Frederic*, the offspring of this attatchment, becomes a soldier, and returning home on furlough to obtain *the certificate of his birth*, he finds his mother houseless, by the way-side almost perishing for want. Being unable materially to relieve her distressing condition, he resolves to procure means by begging on the high-way. He meets Baron Wildenhain and *requests* money of him, and the small sum which he receives not being sufficient, he deliberately draws his sword and *demands* more. It must be observed that, this circumstance does not take place until after much

time has elapsed, on the stage. Had *Frederick* attempted robbery from the impulse excited by his mother's distress, he had possibly been justified; but a deliberate commission of crime constitutes *guilt*. And why draw his sword *on one who had granted him money*; why not on one who had *refused* him? But to return to the more immediate punishment of the *seduction*. As to the distribution of temporal blessings, KOTZEBUE, makes the innocent wretched; and the guilty prosperous. He plunges AGATHA into the depths of want, servitude and misery; while he continues *Baron Wildenhain* in all his possessions, and ultimately makes him happy. The pride of the Baron too, has no punishment: but it should seem as if every crime was whitened, and every stain eradicated from his character the moment he *consents* to *admit* Agatha to his *reluctant* favor. It is an idea founded in just reason, that no writer should present vicious persons in a pleasing shape, thereby giving false attractions to immorality and turpitude; on the contrary he should bestow his utmost pains on virtuous characters. KOTZEBUE in the person of the Baron presents us with a man in whom good and evil are so mingled, as to leave us in doubt whether to hate or love him. His *vices*, however abstracted from his character, would justly excite detestation.

As to the consistency of characters, no particular objection need be adduced; it would too greatly extend our limits. In this point, the play is open to reprehension.

The performances were in no degree so excellent as to deserve, nor so contemptible as to require a critical analysis. The *costume* of Anhalt was inappropriate, both as to shape and richness. A plain coat and wig a German pastor would consider an absolutely essential dress, or expect excommunication in deviating from it.—Mr. POE must learn to elevate his voice and dignify his gestures. They are oftentimes laughable when he wishes to be serious; and generally are tame when he strives to be energetic.—Mrs. POE, performed the scene with *Anhalt*, where she divulges her affection, in an accurate, chaste and attractive manner. USHER in the *Baron*, wanted character: that is, a distinguishing feature by which Baron Wildenhain should be known at once. But his style this evening would "*suit any other part as well as this*," Sir Philip Blanford or Sir Hubert Stanley. Nevertheless he was on the whole quite respectable. Mr. *Dykes* appeared as a new performer: new, because his style of acting has entirely changed; and we may truly say for the better.* We pass the rest of the performance, as not entitled to further observation.

"CURE FOR THE HEART ACHE,' *(Morton)* and LA FORET NOIR.

Friday, October 17.

THE chief objections advanced against the plays of *Morton* are their tendency to *broad farce*, and the want of *consistency* in their characters. Thus the two *Rapids*, in the play under consideration, are glaringly *caricatured*; and *Old Rapid* who in the beginning is despised and laughed at, on a sudden becomes a *moralist*, and utters the sentiments of a philosopher.

But notwithstanding this general censure, *Morton* always interests us with the delicacy of his sentiment, exhilarates us with the excentricity of his humor, and satisfies us with his truth and nature.

* We intend to offer a retrospect of the new performers as soon as we can have formed a judgment.

Mr. *Usher* in Sir *Hubert Stanley* was dignified and impressive; Mr. *Dickenson*, in *Old Rapid*, made the most of his abilities. Mr. *Fox* surprised us with his volubility and *perpetual motion*, and sometimes with pathos; yet we cannot subscribe to the opinion, that he was the *real Young Rapid*.

Jesse Oatland, by Mrs. *Poe*, had a sweet and able representative; and Mrs. *Usher looked* Ellen Vortex admirably. But we cannot afford Mrs. *Shaw* much praise for her personation of Mrs. Vortex; excepting in the scenes of *disappointed triumph*, where she evinced some truth of coloring.

This play went off with more deserved *eclat* than any other since the season opened; though there was no absolutely correct deliniation of character, throughout the whole range of its personages.

WIVES AS THEY WERE & MAIDS AS THEY ARE *(Mrs. Inchbald)* and PAUL and VIRGINIA.....*Monday, Oct.* 20.

This play, written by Mrs. Inchbald, is liable to considerable objection, both in design and tendency; in design, for its object is not attained; and in tendency, for no purpose is answered, nor no moral produced by the catastrophe. If *Lady Priory* is offered as a model by which wives of the present day ought to be formed, we trust no friend to the sex will consider it by any means perfect. She does not *love* her husband; but obeys him through dread; he is the *master* and she the *servant*. The example which such a character affords is forbidding rather than attractive.

Neither is Miss *Dorrillon* a proper *contrast* to Lady *Priory*; because, though she is immersed in the vortex of dissipation, she has never had a kind counsellor to lessen the force of its influence; nor the hand of a friend to extricate her from her peril—Her heart is good. And who can blame her for her conduct to Sir Wm. Dorrillon, under the name of Mandred. She knew him not as a *father* but as an overbearing censurer of her pleasures, not as a friendly instructor, but as a rigid monitor. *Sir William Dorrillon* is a captious man, who presumes to expect every excellence from his daughter, while he has never thought of the dangers to which his negligence had exposed her. His idea of reforming her under a fictitious name is by no means reasonable, his changing coats with a contemptible fellow like Bronzely, is derogatory to his character, not only as no end was obtained by it, but as his voluntarily suffering the subsequent disgrace, was not demanded by common honesty or common politeness. "If an author," says Mr. Cumberland, probably with eye to this very play, "cannot reform a dissipated lady without a spunging house to read his lectures in, I am sorry for his dearth of fancy and lament his want of taste." What must that father be who could suffer his daughter to be taken to prison before his face, as was Miss Dorrillon in the present piece?

This play has some agreeable dialogue; but we cannot think it deserves a station in the ranks of legitimate comedy. As to the performance we shall refrain from much observation. But Mr. *Dickenson on* the stage and the *Prompter off*, were obliged continually to renew the very imperfect memories of almost every performer. We should really consider it adviseable to have the prompt-book open upon the stage, that the actors might read, and then repeat their parts; as it is now, they graciously favor us with a double exhibition; the *Prompter's* and their own.

Selected for the Emerald.

[It is wonderful indeed, but certainly true, that there have been those who seemed to derive their chief happiness from bodily pain, from wretchedness and misery. The stoic endeavored to destroy the nature of his nerves, and become alike insensible to the warmth of the passion, and the corporeal sensations of nature. In catholic countries orders of men exist whose lives are dedicated to sorrow; whose greatest amusement is daily to take a shovel full of dirt from their graves. In the contemplation of such characters, it is difficult to say whether commiseration or contempt is the predominant sentiment. We should pity the folly that so dreadfully militates with reason, but could scarcely wish to relieve the sufferer from his voluntary punishment.

The following picture of the great *originals of insensibility*, drawn by the masterly pencil of the Abbe Barthelemi, will remind the classical reader of the truth of our remarks, and exhibits the unpleasing appearance which human nature presents, when an affectation of singularity distorts its features.—*Em. Ed's.*]

About the time that Plato opened his school at the academy, resumed Apollodorus, Antisthenes, another disciple of Socrates, established one likewise, on an eminence situated on the opposite side of the city. This philosopher laboured, during his youth, to make an external display of the most rigid virtue; and Socrates, penetrating his intentions, one day said to him: Antisthenes, I see your vanity through the rents in your garment. His master had taught him that happiness consists in virtue: and he made virtue consist in a contempt of riches and enjoyments; and, to enforce his maxims, appeared in public, with a staff, and wallet over his shoulders, like one of those unhappy mendicants who expose their wretchedness to passengers. The singularity of this sight procured him disciples, who remained attached to him for some time by his eloquence. But the austerities he prescribed made them gradually disappear, and, disgusted at this desertion, he shut up his school.

Diogenes now made his appearance in this city. He had been banished from Sinope, his native country, with his father, accused of diminishing the coin. After a long resistance, Antisthenes imparted to him his principles, and Diogenes presently gave them a greater extent. Antisthenes sought to correct the passions, Diogenes to destroy them. The wise man, to become happy, should, according to him, render himself independent of fortune, of mankind, and of himself: of fortune, by braving alike her favours and caprices; of men, by divesting himself of prejudices, and despising customs, and even laws, when not conformable to his understanding; of himself, by labouring to fortify his body against the rigour of the seasons, and his mind against the allurements of pleasure. He sometimes says: "I am poor, a vagabond, without country, without asylum, and compelled to live as I can from one day to another; but I oppose courage to fortune, nature to laws, and reason to the passions." From these principles, which in their respective consequences may lead men to the summit of perfection, or plunge them in every species of disorder, results a contempt for riches, honors, glory, the distinction of ranks, the decorum of society, the arts and sciences, and all the comforts and embellishments of life. The man, created in the imagination of Diogenes, and whom he sometimes goes in search of with a lanthorn; that being, foreign to every surrounding oject, and inaccessible to every thing that gratifies the senses, who styles himself a citizen of the world, though he claims not that relation to his na-

Mr. *Usher* in Sir *Hubert Stanley* was dignified and impressive; Mr. *Dickenson*, in *Old Rapid*, made the most of his abilities. Mr. *Fox* surprised us with his volubility and *perpetual motion*, and sometimes with pathos; yet we cannot subscribe to the opinion, that he was the *real Young Rapid*.

Jesse Oatland, by Mrs. *Poe*, had a sweet and able representative; and Mrs. *Usher looked* Ellen Vortex admirably. But we cannot afford Mrs. *Shaw* much praise for her personation of Mrs. Vortex; excepting in the scenes of *disappointed triumph*, where she evinced some truth of coloring.

This play went off with more deserved *eclat* than any other since the season opened; though there was no absolutely correct deliniation of character, throughout the whole range of its personages.

WIVES AS THEY WERE & MAIDS AS THEY ARE *(Mrs. Inchbald)* and PAUL and VIRGINIA.....*Monday, Oct.* 20.

This play, written by Mrs. Inchbald, is liable to considerable objection, both in design and tendency; in design, for its object is not attained; and in tendency, for no purpose is answered, nor no moral produced by the catastrophe. If *Lady Priory* is offered as a model by which wives of the present day ought to be formed, we trust no friend to the sex will consider it by any means perfect. She does not *love* her husband; but obeys him through dread; he is the *master* and she the *servant*. The example which such a character affords is forbidding rather than attractive.

Neither is Miss *Dorrillon* a proper *contrast* to Lady *Priory*; because, though she is immersed in the vortex of dissipation, she has never had a kind counsellor to lessen the force of its influence; nor the hand of a friend to extricate her from her peril—Her heart is good. And who can blame her for her conduct to Sir Wm. Dorrillon, under the name of Mandred. She knew him not as a *father* but as an overbearing censurer of her pleasures, not as a friendly instructor, but as a rigid monitor. *Sir William Dorrillon* is a captious man, who presumes to expect every excellence from his daughter, while he has never thought of the dangers to which his negligence had exposed her. His idea of reforming her under a fictitious name is by no means reasonable, his changing coats with a contemptible fellow like Bronzely, is derogatory to his character, not only as no end was obtained by it, but as his voluntarily suffering the subsequent disgrace, was not demanded by common honesty or common politeness. "If an author," says Mr. Cumberland, probably with eye to this very play, "cannot reform a dissipated lady without a spunging house to read his lectures in, I am sorry for his dearth of fancy and lament his want of taste." What must that father be who could suffer his daughter to be taken to prison before his face, as was Miss Dorrillon in the present piece?

This play has some agreeable dialogue; but we cannot think it deserves a station in the ranks of legitimate comedy. As to the performance we shall refrain from much observation. But Mr. *Dickenson on* the stage and the *Prompter off*, were obliged continually to renew the very imperfect memories of almost every performer. We should really consider it adviseable to have the prompt-book open upon the stage, that the actors might read, and then repeat their parts; as it is now, they graciously favor us with a double exhibition; the *Prompter's* and their own.

Selected for the Emerald.

[It is wonderful indeed, but certainly true, that there have been those who seemed to derive their chief happiness from bodily pain, from wretchedness and misery. The stoic endeavored to destroy the nature of his nerves, and become alike insensible to the warmth of the passion, and the corporeal sensations of nature. In catholic countries orders of men exist whose lives are dedicated to sorrow; whose greatest amusement is daily to take a shovel full of dirt from their graves. In the contemplation of such characters, it is difficult to say whether commiseration or contempt is the predominant sentiment. We should pity the folly that so dreadfully militates with reason, but could scarcely wish to relieve the sufferer from his voluntary punishment.

The following picture of the great *originals of insensibility*, drawn by the masterly pencil of the Abbe Barthelemi, will remind the classical reader of the truth of our remarks, and exhibits the unpleasing appearance which human nature presents, when an affectation of singularity distorts its features.—*Em. Ed's.*]

About the time that Plato opened his school at the academy, resumed Apollodorus, Antisthenes, another disciple of Socrates, established one likewise, on an eminence situated on the opposite side of the city. This philosopher laboured, during his youth, to make an external display of the most rigid virtue; and Socrates, penetrating his intentions, one day said to him: Antisthenes, I see your vanity through the rents in your garment. His master had taught him that happiness consists in virtue: and he made virtue consist in a contempt of riches and enjoyments; and, to enforce his maxims, appeared in public, with a staff, and wallet over his shoulders, like one of those unhappy mendicants who expose their wretchedness to passengers. The singularity of this sight procured him disciples, who remained attached to him for some time by his eloquence. But the austerities he prescribed made them gradually disappear, and, disgusted at this desertion, he shut up his school.

Diogenes now made his appearance in this city. He had been banished from Sinope, his native country, with his father, accused of diminishing the coin. After a long resistance, Antisthenes imparted to him his principles, and Diogenes presently gave them a greater extent. Antisthenes sought to correct the passions, Diogenes to destroy them. The wise man, to become happy, should, according to him, render himself independent of fortune, of mankind, and of himself: of fortune, by braving alike her favours and caprices; of men, by divesting himself of prejudices, and despising customs, and even laws, when not conformable to his understanding; of himself, by labouring to fortify his body against the rigour of the seasons, and his mind against the allurements of pleasure. He sometimes says: "I am poor, a vagabond, without country, without asylum, and compelled to live as I can from one day to another; but I oppose courage to fortune, nature to laws, and reason to the passions." From these principles, which in their respective consequences may lead men to the summit of perfection, or plunge them in every species of disorder, results a contempt for riches, honors, glory, the distinction of ranks, the decorum of society, the arts and sciences, and all the comforts and embellishments of life. The man, created in the imagination of Diogenes, and whom he sometimes goes in search of with a lanthorn; that being, foreign to every surrounding oject, and inaccessible to every thing that gratifies the senses, who styles himself a citizen of the world, though he claims not that relation to his na-

tive land; that man would be as wretched as unprofitable in polished societies, and never did exist even prior to their origin. Diogenes imagines he can discover some resemblance of him among the Spartans: "I have found men no where," said he, "but I have seen children at Lacedæmon."

To represent in his own person the man of his idea, he has undergone the rudest trials, and emancipated himself from every species of constraint. You will see him struggling against hunger, appeasing it with the grossest aliments, refusing to gratify it at entertainments where the table is covered with abundance; stretching out his hands for alms to passengers; at night, shutting himself up in a tub; exposing his body to the injuries of the weather, under the portico of a temple; rolling himself in summer on the burning sand, and in winter walking, with naked feet, amid the snows; satisfying all the wants of nature in public, and in places frequented by the dregs of the people; courageously braving and supporting ridicule, insults, and injustice; acting in opposition to established customs, even in things the most indifferent; and daily exhibiting scenes which, whilst they excite the contempt of sensible men, reveal but too plainly to their eyes the secret motives that influence his conduct. I one day saw him, during a severe frost, embracing, half naked, a brâzen statue. A Lacedæmonian asked him if he suffered pain. No, said the philosopher. What merit is there then in what you do? replied the Lacedæmonian.

Diogenes possesses depth of understanding, firmness of mind, and liveliness of character. He delivers his doctrines with such perspicuity, and explains them with so much energy, that strangers have been seen to listen to him, and instantly abandon all to follow him. Believing himself destined to reform mankind, he treats them without the smallest deference. His system leads him to inveigh against vices and abuses, and his character unrelentingly to pursue those who are guilty of them. He never ceases to attack them with the weapons of satire, and an irony a thousand times more formidable. The freedom that reigns in his discourses, renders him agreeable to the people. He is admitted into good company, which he serves to enliven by ready repartees, sometimes happily set off, and at all times frequent, for he hesitates at nothing. Young people court his company to make trials of his pleasantry, and avenge themselves of his superiority by insults, which he supports with the most mortifying tranquillity. I have often seen him reproach them with expressions and actions that put modesty to the blush, which inclines me to believe that he has never himself been guilty of those excesses his enemies impute to him. His indecency lies rather in the manner than in any thing really offensive to good morals. Eminent talents, great virtues, and prodigious efforts, will never make more of him than a singular man; and I shall always subscribe to the judgment of Plato, who said of him "He is Socrates in a phrenzy."

For the Emerald.

DESULTORY SELECTIONS,

AND ORIGINAL REMARKS.

PIETY.

If ye are able to resist me (said Darius to the Scythians) stop and bravely fight. If ye dare not, acknowledge thy master.—The King of the Scythians replied: I neith

fly nor fear any man. It is our custom to wander quietly over our vast domains during war as well as peace. We know no blessing like liberty, and acknowledge no master but the Gods. If thou wouldest prove our valor, *come and insult the tombs of our fathers.*

ALCIBIADES.

THE character of Alcibiades as displayed by the Greek historians, presents a bolder view of brilliant and fascinating vices, and engaging and effective virtues, than any recorded in the annals of the Republic:

Some historians have stigmatized the memory of this Athenian with every reproach, and others honored it with every eulogium, without it being possible for us to charge the former with injustice or the latter with partiality.

He appears to be one of those premature and astonishing geniuses who create such admiration by the splendor of their talents, and draw so much affection by the amenity of their manners, that instead of their being obliged to consult opinion in their actions, opinion itself takes rules from them.

That elevation of sentiment produced by virtue was not to be sought in his heart, but in it was found that intrepidity which the consciousness of superiority inspires. No obstacle, no danger could either surprise or discourage him; he seemed persuaded that when souls of a certain order do not perform all they wish, it is because they have not courage to attempt all they dare.

Those excesses of levity, frivolity and imprudence which escaped his youth or idle hours, were no longer seen on occasions, that demanded firmness and resolution. He then united prudence with activity, and pleasure never stole from him any of those moments which were necessary to the advancement of his glory, or the promotion of his interest.

A character of this model would of necessity advance in the affection of a people, whose general passions were love of glory and greatness, and the loose morals of the man whom they were thus elevating to power might justify the following address to Timon:

One day when Alcibiades from the height of the rostrum had gained the suffrages of the people and was returning home escorted by the whole assembly, he was met by TIMON, usually called the misanthropist, who, shaking him by the hand said Courage Boy; continue to advance thyself to power and glory, and I shall be indebted to thee for the ruin of Athens.

The versatility of his talents gave him command and respect wherever he had occasion to appear.

The Spartans admired his frugality, the Thracians his intemperance; the Bœotians his love of the most violent exercise; the Ionians his taste for indolence and voluptuousness; the Satraps of Asia a luxury they could not equal. He would have shown himself the most virtuous of men had he never known the example of vice; but vice hurried him on without making him its slave.

The influence of his example corrupted the manners, and that corruption joined with evil councils, ruined the state.

"The young Athenians fixed their eyes on this dangerous model, and unable to imitate its beauties, thought to approach it by copying,

and especially by overcharging its defects. They became frivolous because he was giddy; insolent because he was bold; regardless of the laws because he paid no respect to propriety of manners. Some not so wealthy, but equally prodigal with himself, displayed a luxury that made them ridiculous, and drew down ruin on their families; their disorders were transmitted to their descendants, and the baneful influence of the example of Alcibiades subsisted long after his death."

A BON MOT

is often productive of serious consequences. Theocritus had highly offended King Antigonus, who had but one eye: The prince however promised to pardon the culprit if he would appear before him. With this condition he refused to comply; but his friends drew him along by force, continually repeating that he would be pardoned if he appeared before the eyes of the King. The unfortunate wit, recollecting that the King had but one eye, could not refrain from a *bon mot*, notwithstanding the critical circumstances in which he was placed: "Ah," said he, "if the safety of my life depends upon my appearing before the eyes of the King, I am undone." This railing was the cause of his death.

Wit is of a quality so dazzling, that it is very apt to conceal by its splendor, the dangers into which it leads its possessors. An unfortunate repartee, or a piece of ludicrous satire often destroys friendship, creates enemies and occasions irremediable uneasiness and pain.

CONJUGAL FIDELITY

Is always greater in proportion as marriages are more numerous and less difficult; but when the interest or pride of families, or parental authority, not the inclination of the parties, unites the sexes, gallantry soon breaks the slender ties, in spite of common moralists, who exclaim against the effect, whilst they pardon the cause.

EPIGRAM.

The damsel too prudently shy
Or too forward, what swain would possess;
For the one will too often deny,
And the other too soon will say yes.

EXTREMES.

Extreme old age is childhood, *extreme* wisdom is ignorance; for so it may be called, since the man, whom the oracle pronounced the wisest of men, professed that he knew nothing. To proceed; push a coward to the *extreme*, and he will show courage: oppress a man to the last, and he will rise above oppression.

CONTEMPT.

Bolliere said contempt was a pill which might be swallowed, but which it was impossible to chew without making wry faces.

NOTICES.

A correspondent observed a remark in one of our public papers that "poor Corsica is rather badly off, being compelled to *import slaves* after having *exported* so many *Emperors, Princes Cardinals, Dukes* and other great articles." But it seems to him certain evidence of the prosperous situation of a country when it can import the *raw materials* and export them manufactured into articles of such great value!!

The Circuit Court of the United States was opened on Monday last. Present, Judges Cushing and Davis. The throne of grace was addressed in a pertinent prayer by Rev. Mr. Emerson, and a charge was delivered to the Grand Jury by the Chief Justice.

The charges on these occasions are deserving of more attention than they usually receive, they are practical lectures upon criminal law and are capable of giving much useful information to the citizen.

POETRY.

For the Emerald.

PILLS.

A PHYSICIAN admiring the beauties of morn,
The dew drops that cheerfully spangled the thorn;
Exclaim'd with loud voice, "How the spectacle thrills
Each nerve with delight? For these dew drops are pills,
Nature gives to this delicate child of the sun;
And she gives her thousands, where I give but one.
Hereafter a hint I will take from the sky,
And my patients the same mode of process shall try."
Young Zephyr, who then had awoke from repose,
And was deeply engag'd in caressing a rose,
Shook his sides as he laugh'd at a speech so profound,
And grievous to tell! threw *the pills on the ground.*
Go then, son of Galen, and learn to be wise,
This precedent also is *brought from the skies!*

G.

FOR THE EMERALD.

Penelope, in the absence of Ulysses, was encompassed with numerous suitors, who after the manner of the age were allowed every freedom of hospitality, and did not always contain themselves within regular bounds; the following is the supposed language of the Queen.

At the banquet you revel and rule as you list,
Being impudent always in wrong,
But here when I order, you ought to desist,
And curb your impertinent tongue.

Then leave me and fly to the riotous crew,
Lest my anger should vengefully burn;
Lest all your gay prospects should fade on your view,
And your offers forever I spurn.

THE ANSWER.

Whenever I see my Penelope's face
So smiling, her manners so free,
I suddenly move with Athenian grace,
And am gentle and modest as she.

But whenever her forehead is drawn to a scowl,
And she dares at my offers to flout;
By Jove, I am smitten as grave as an owl,
And can equal the dame at a pout.

AMARANTHUS.

For the Emerald.

THE POET'S EVENING.

A SETTING sun, a western hill,
A croaking frog, a murm'ring rill;
A tinkling bell, a distant fold,
A village steeple streak'd with gold.
Flying bats, and screeching owls,
Droning bugs and roosting fowls;
Landscapes fading, robins singing,
Damon piping, Curfew ringing;
Lowing herds, and village maids,
Shepherd swains, and silver glades.
Echo, riding on the breeze,
Cynthia, hiding in the trees;
Lover's vows, and gentle zephyrs,
Dancing swains, and hungry heifers.

"MYSELF."

For the Emerald.

SOLITUDE.

THE sun slowly sunk in the west,
Till gradually lost to the view
Attended by clouds gayly drest
That blush'd as he bade us adieu!

The birds all retired to rest,
Save Philomel down in the grove,
Who willingly fled from his nest
To charm with his praises of love.

Soft zephyrs breath'd gently around,
The landscape was form'd to delight;
The waterfall's low-distant sound
Well suited th' approach of dun night

But Cynthia ne'er could resign
To darkness so lovely a scene;
She rose in full splendor to shine,
And evening stole on like a dream.

At the foot of a smooth sloping green
That was partly conceal'd by a wood,
Ran gently a murmuring stream
That water'd the bank where I stood.

Oh solitude, blest are thy charms,
At thy altar I humbly would bend;
Oppress'd by the world's wild alarms,
In thee I am sure of a friend.

MYRA.

SELECTED

[*We are never desirous of using the scissors instead of the pen, and presenting an Emerald of patchwork from the shreds of daily papers; and it is very seldom we have any inducement to do so. The insertion of the following song therefore which has appeared in several southern papers is not within our plan, but is of such novel and fanciful design that we cannot resist the desire of transplanting so beautiful a flower.*]

GOOD BYE AND HOW D' Y' DO.

By the Hon. Robert Spencer.

One day *Good bye* met *How d' y' do*
Too close to shun saluting;
But soon the rival sisters flew
From kissing to disputing.

"Away! (says *How d' y' do*) your mein
Appals my cheerful nature,
No name so sad as yours is seen
In sorrow's nomenclature.

Whene'er I give one sunshine hour
Your cloud comes o'er to shade it;
Where'er I plant one bosom flow'r
Your mildew drops to fade it.

Ere *How d' y' do* has tun'd each tongue
To hope's delightful measure,
Good bye in friendship's ear has rung
The knell of parting pleasure.

From sorrows past my chemic skill
Draws tears of consolation,
Whilst you with perfect joys distil
The tears of separation."

Good bye replied, "your statement's true,
And well your cause you've pleaded,
And pray who'd think of *How d' y' do*,
Unless *Good bye* preceded?

Without my prior influence
Could yours have ever flourish'd?
And can your hand one flow'r dispense
But those my tears have nourish'd?

How oft, if at the Court of Love,
Concealment be the fashion,
When *How d' y' do* has fail'd to move,
Good bye reveals the passion!

How oft, when Cupid's fires decline,
As ev'ry heart remembers,
One sigh of mine, and only mine,
Revives the dying embers!

Go, bid the timid lover choose,
And I'll resign my charter
If he for ten kind *How d' y' does*
One kind *Good bye* would barter!

From love & friendship's kindred source
We both derive existence,
And they would both lose half their force
Without our joint assistance.

'Tis well the world our merit knows,
Since time, there's no denying
One half in *How d' y' do*-ing goes,
The other in *Good bye*-ing."

To Mr. R. Dyer on his Poem, entitled the Carnation, *dedicated to a Lady.*

Long had the *Rose*, in vernal bloom array'd,
Been hail'd as *queen*, in ev'ry sylvan shade;
Improv'd the sprightly *bowl* on festal nights,
And crown'd the brightest *wreaths* at solemn *rites*,
Till thy *Carnation*, 'midst surrounding snows,
In the gay splendor of the *rainbow* rose!
Unblest by *Sol*, shot forth its beauteous head, [spread
Ambrosial sweets around thy garden
And now, *embosom'd* by a *matchless Fair*
Shall vie in fame with *Berenice's* hair.

A BALLAD.

Why am I not the new-blown flow'r,
That decks my fair Eliza's breast:
For though it live but one short hour,
Who would not die to be so blest.

Why am I not the gentle breeze
That softly gliding o'er her face,
Is sure my charming fair to please,
And to her colour add such grace.

Why am I not that plaintive bird,
Whose song affords her such delight
That while his thrilling note is heard
She thinks not of approaching night.

Why am I not that limpid wave,
In which each cheerful summer day
Her lovely form she's wont to lave,
And like a sportive Naiad play.

Boston, (Mass.) Published
BY BELCHER & ARMSTRONG.